

# Poetry IN MIDDLE SCHOOL:

## MEETING STANDARDS, SHAPING LIVES



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# WHAT poetry DOES FOR STUDENTS:

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- Poetry REINFORCES THAT READING IS AN ACT OF CONSTRUCTING MEANING
- Poetry BUILDS ACADEMIC SELF-ESTEEM
- Poetry ENGAGES THE HEART AND THE MIND
- Poetry CONVEYS COMMON CORE STANDARDS FOR READING LITERATURE
- Poetry CONVEYS COMMON CORE STANDARDS FOR READING INFORMATIONAL TEXT
- Poetry CONVEYS COMMON CORE STANDARDS FOR WRITING

## Selecting A Reader

First, I would have her be beautiful,  
and walking carefully up on my poetry  
at the loneliest moment of an afternoon,  
her hair still damp at the neck  
from washing it. She should be wearing  
a raincoat, an old one, dirty  
from not having money enough for the cleaners.  
She will take out her glasses, and there  
in the bookstore, she will thumb  
over my poems, then put the book back  
up on its shelf. She will say to herself,  
"For that kind of money, I can get  
my raincoat cleaned." And she will.

-Ted Kooser

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from *The Rose that Grew from Concrete* by Tupac Shakur

### The Rose That Grew from Concrete Autobiographical

Did u hear about the rose that grew from a crack  
in the concrete  
Proving nature's laws wrong it learned 2 walk  
without having feet  
Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams  
it learned 2 breathe fresh air  
Long live the rose that grew from concrete  
when no one else cared!

## Sonnet 130 | Shakespeare

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My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

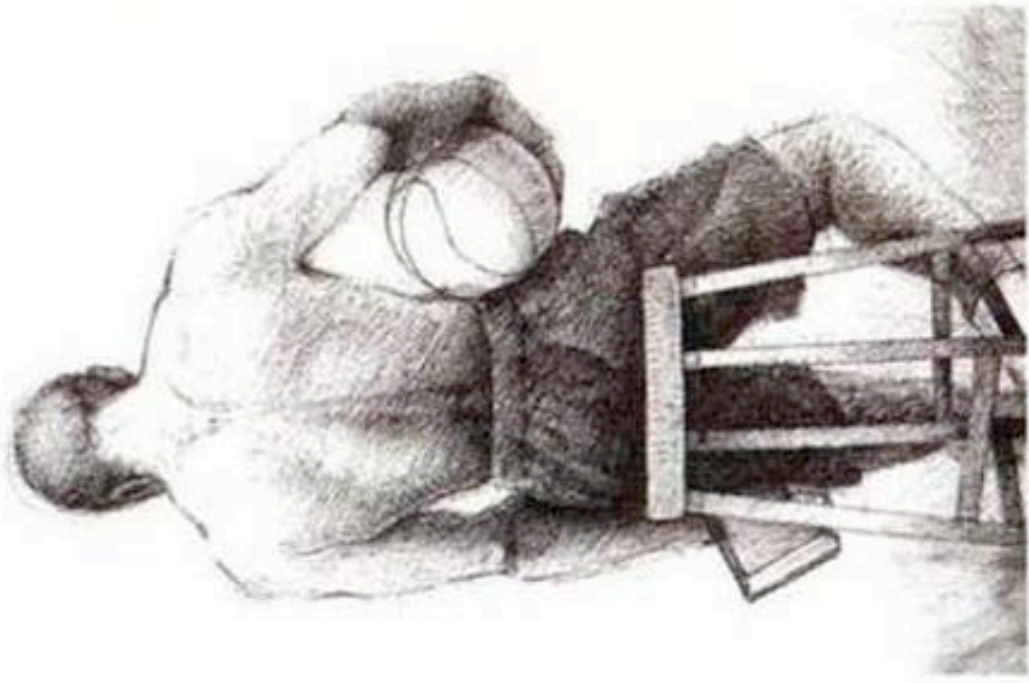
annotate:

to add notes to a text  
giving explanation or comment

## Making Thinking Visible

Thinking Within the Text REMEMBERING UNDERSTANDING	<b>Solving Words</b>	Using a range of strategies to understand what words mean	
	<b>Monitoring and Correcting</b>	Checking whether reading makes sense, asking questions	
	<b>Searching for and Using Information</b>	Looking for answers to questions and using that information to adjust your thinking	
	<b>Summarizing</b>	Putting together and remembering important information (and disregarding irrelevant information)	
Thinking Beyond the Text APPLYING CREATING	<b>Predicting</b>	Using what you know to think about what will follow	
	<b>Making Connections</b>	Deepening understanding and appreciation of text through connections to yourself, the world, and other texts	
	<b>Inferring</b>	Thinking about what is implied by the author, but not explicitly stated in the text	
	<b>Synthesizing</b>	Creating new understandings based on text and your own background knowledge	
	<b>Analyzing</b>	Examining elements of a text to know more about how it is constructed, noticing aspects of the author's craft	
Thinking About the Text ANALYZING EVALUATING	<b>Critiquing</b>	Evaluating a text based on your ideas and your knowledge of the text and the world, thinking critically about the ideas in a text	

created by C. Rush-Levine 2013, adapted from work by Bloom, Fountas, and Pinnell



**GILBERT YOUNG**  
A DREAM DEFERRED

## Harlem by Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

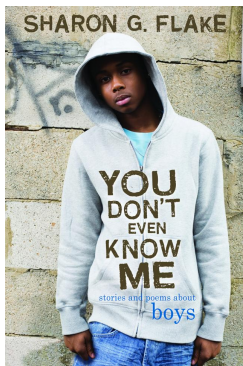
Does it dry up  
like a raisin in the sun?

Or fester like a sore —  
And then run?

Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over —  
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.

*Or does it explode?*



*You Don't Even Know Me: Stories and Poems About Boys* by Sharon Flake

excerpts from "You Don't Even Know Me" (pp. 3-7 paperback)

You  
See me on TV,  
Marching in the band,  
Then you flick the channel  
And there I am again,  
Cuffs on my hands,  
A coat over my head,  
The news anchor warning that I'm someone you should dread.

.....

You know  
I've been wondering lately,  
Trying to figure out just how it could be  
That we call each other brother,  
And you still don't know a think about me.

**YOU TUBE video:** *You Don't Even Know Me: Novel Sharon G. Flake*.mov (Soul Touch Productions)

## **BRAVE NEW VOICES: Speak**

If Jasmine could speak she would say I wish I was here. I wish I could trade hospital beds for stages, needles for mics, cause all they do is stab metal into my veins. I'm tired of being a voodoo doll. You see, I am stronger than struggle, but I am not strong enough to handle this hardship on my own. To God, let your manifestation happen. I know that there are poets here today who will speak to represent my pain, so please hear us.

If Christina could speak she would say just because my family's divorced doesn't mean I don't have to be there. I wish I had a family that actually wants me for one who is going to argue about who's going to be with me. Just because I'm dedicated to poetry doesn't mean I don't have a life. Just because you're going to college doesn't make you bigger or better than the friendship we had. You left us to pick up the pieces.

So we pick them up and constructed castles over the roads. But she can't speak so listen to me.

If Christian could speak he would say just because you're my elders doesn't mean you can control me I am not a puppet to be toyed with. Your greying roots do not consecrate knowledge. I've seen your stress-impacted wrinkles and they're as deep as the sting in your back-handed beatings I know when I'm your age I'll have demons piercing ditches into my skin. But he can't speak so listen to me.

If Robert could speak he would say I miss my brother. In the back of my mind there's an apparition etching your name into tombstones. I want to know how you became so dead to me. I want to know why I haven't heard from you since you got kicked out of the house. Apparently ??? runs thicker than blood. So watch me bleed all the reasons why I love you. Stop holding me back. Let me scream my pleas. Let me scream my apologies. But he can't speak so listen to me.

If Sam could speak he would say I wish I was more messed up than my family. They've seen ambulances and hospitals, deathbeds and funeral processions. But I've only seen them and it makes me homesick even when I'm home sweet home. The only reason I can pay for college is because my mother died. Take me home. The only reason I bleed is because their memories cut me. Take me home. The only reason I'm afraid of death is because I've never seen her grave. Take me home. But he can't speak so hear us

We are not branded by price tags. We are not mimes to be picked on. We are not animals in cages. We are not inmates in prisons. We are brothers. We are true friends. We're in control. We are rebuilding home, brick by brick. This is what makes us. Sometimes we speak to teammates, grandparents, mothers, family—it's like we're speaking to walls. We put them up to lock them out—to lock us in. There are levies within our tear ducts. Watch them break. This isn't us spitting, this is a flood. Sometimes we can't speak for ourselves. Sometimes you can't speak for yourselves. Sometimes they cannot speak for themselves, but here we are four mics, one voice, four mics, one voice, four mics, one voice, four mics, one voice, four mics, one voice, four mics, one voice.

Alone we can't shake this stage, but together we bring earthquakes. Together we are wrecking balls. Together we tear down walls. Together we are brave new voices and we will be heard. We are more than one. We are not alone. Hear us.



# *Nothing Gold Can Stay*

**Robert Frost, 1874 - 1963**

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay.

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*The Trouble with Poetry and Other Poems* by Billy Collins

excerpt from "The Lanyard" (pp. 45-6 paperback)

Here is a breathing body and a beating heart,  
strong legs, bones and teeth,  
and two clear eyes to read the world, she whispered,  
and here, I said, is the lanyard I made at camp.  
And here, I wish to say to her now,  
is a smaller gift—not the archaic truth

that you can never repay your mother,  
but the rueful admission that when she took  
the two-tone lanyard from my hands,  
I was as sure as a boy could be  
that this useless, worthless thing I wove  
out of boredom would be enough to make us even.

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## Brave New Voices Finals: Denver Round One

One: An object in motion tends to stay in motion  
Our blood moves 11, 806 miles each day  
Breaking 60,000 miles of circulation to cause the rise  
and fall of your chest in the morning  
You blink 23,040 times while the Earth travels 1.6  
millions mile  
Movement is not limited to your awareness  
The universe will continue to move without your  
consent  
Your body will live without your permission  
Your blood will circulate  
Breathe

Two: Force equals mass times acceleration  
A 150 gram bullet traveling at 2,000 feet per second  
exerts 3,032 pounds per square inch over 1 one-  
thousandth of a second upon impact  
February 21<sup>st</sup>, 1965, 21 bullets pierce flesh in a  
Manhattan ballroom  
Malcolm X hits the earth with enough force to raise a  
nation of fists  
The mass of a bullet times acceleration needed to end  
a life equals the force required to resurrect a broken  
spirit  
the masses will continue to accelerate

Three: For every action there is an equal and  
opposite reaction  
Stillness does not equal weakness  
Size and stature can be deceiving  
A hummingbird's wings vibrate 68 times per second  
just to be still  
Have you ever seen a hummingbird move without  
purpose?  
December 1<sup>st</sup>, 1955, Rosa Parks refused to move from  
her seat  
Her heart a frenzied flutter of wings  
The collection of steps to the Washington monument  
in her chest march without moving an inch  
Staying stationary sent a ripple through America  
A hummingbird hovering near the front of a  
Montgomery bus

Four: Laws are meant to be broken  
We are not content with the confinement of science  
We have begun to make our own laws

One: The energy of regret is greater than the energy  
of progress  
A young boy holds his bloody mouth at a bus stop

After I watched his size crumble  
In a fight that I could have stopped

The hummingbird in my chest rode that bus home  
without flight

Two: We will never evolve if we fear the unknown  
A Sunday in 2006 I walked into a poetry slam wide-  
eyed and unaware  
Realizing that some collisions are entirely beyond the  
scope of physics  
And ignorance had kept me quiet for far too long

Three: We will always succumb to the gravity of truth  
One cold evening in spring I confessed deceit to my  
beloved  
The weight of my betrayal exploding in nuclear  
fission splitting our bond into singularity

Four: Selfishness does not exist in a vacuum  
On a Tuesday in April the slurs of middle school  
children are the bullets that turn my ears into a  
Manhattan ballroom  
I keep my fist from making impact with his face as a  
promise that my resistance will have a much more  
rootless reaction

Five: Inertia, like helplessness, is a myth  
For 156 seconds we have not moved from this stage  
You have not moved from your seats  
Our hearts have beat 223 times  
Your blood has traveled 189 feet  
You have inhaled 180 liters of air  
Earth has spun 52 miles  
We are moving  
Even if we choose not to  
When we think we are still  
We are always in motion  
It takes 54 muscles to stand  
Use the momentum of your existence to breathe  
blink  
grow  
write  
shine  
love  
dance  
fight  
speak  
It takes 72 muscles to speak



## **Malcolm X Shot to Death, February 1965**

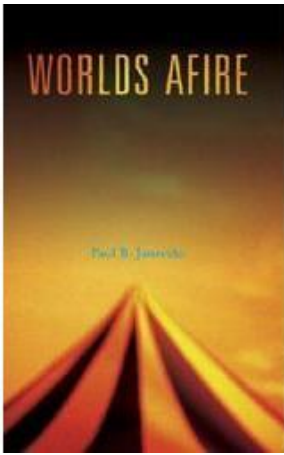
In 1952, the former Malcolm Little was released from prison after serving six years on a robbery charge; while incarcerated, he had joined the Nation of Islam (NOI, commonly known as the Black Muslims), given up drinking and drugs and replaced his surname with an X to signify his rejection of his "slave" name. Charismatic and eloquent, Malcolm soon became an influential leader of the NOI, which combined Islam with Black Nationalism and sought to encourage disadvantaged young blacks searching for confidence in segregated America. As the outspoken public voice of the Black Muslim faith, Malcolm challenged the mainstream civil rights movement and the nonviolent pursuit of integration championed by Martin Luther King Jr. Instead, he urged followers to defend themselves against white aggression "by any means necessary." Mounting tensions between Malcolm and NOI founder Elijah Muhammad led Malcolm to form his own mosque in 1964. He made a pilgrimage to Mecca that same year and underwent a second conversion, this time to Sunni Islam. Calling himself el-Hajj Malik el-Shabazz, he renounced NOI's philosophy of separatism and advocated a more inclusive approach to the struggle for black rights. On February 21, 1965, during a speaking engagement in Harlem, three members of the NOI rushed the stage and shot Malcolm some 15 times at close range. After Malcolm's death, his bestselling book *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* popularized his ideas, particularly among black youth, and laid the foundation for the Black Power movement of the late 1960s and 1970s.



## **Rosa Parks and the Montgomery Bus Boycott, December 1955**

On December 1, 1955, an African-American woman named Rosa Parks was riding a city bus in Montgomery, Alabama when the driver told her to give up her seat to a white man. Parks refused, and was arrested for violating the city's racial segregation ordinances, which mandated that blacks sit in the back of public buses and give up their seats for white riders if the front seats were full. Parks, a 42-year-old seamstress, was also the secretary of the Montgomery chapter of the NAACP. As she later explained: "I had been pushed as far as I could stand to be pushed. I had decided that I would have to know once and for all what rights I had as a human being and a citizen." Four days after Parks' arrest, an activist organization called the Montgomery Improvement Association—led by a young pastor named Martin Luther King, Jr.—spearheaded a boycott of the city's municipal bus company. Because African Americans made up some 70 percent of the bus company's riders at the time, and the great majority of Montgomery's black citizens supported the bus boycott, its impact was immediate.

About 90 boycotters, including King, were indicted under a law forbidding conspiracy to obstruct the operation of a business. Found guilty, King immediately appealed the decision. Meanwhile, the boycott stretched on for more than a year, and the bus company struggled to avoid bankruptcy. On November 13, 1956, in *Browder v. Gayle*, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a lower court's decision declaring the bus company's segregation seating policy unconstitutional under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment. King, called off the boycott on December 20, and Rosa Parks—known as the "mother of the civil rights movement"—would be one of the first to ride the newly desegregated buses.



*Worlds Afire* by Paul B. Janeczko

excerpt from "Bill Conti: Parent" (pp. 36-8 hardcover)

I yanked Danny  
through the crowd.  
Packed together,  
we surged  
except for those who fainted.  
They got stepped on.  
Couldn't help it  
though I tried.

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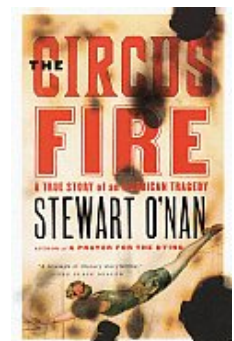
excerpt from "Dennis Mortimer: Firefighter" (pp. 52-3 hardcover)

We laid nine hundred feet of hose  
then another hundred and a half.  
About a ton of hose.  
But we all knew  
we were too late.

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excerpt from *The Circus Fire: A True Story of an American Tragedy*  
by Stewart O'Nan  
(pp. 86-8 paperback)

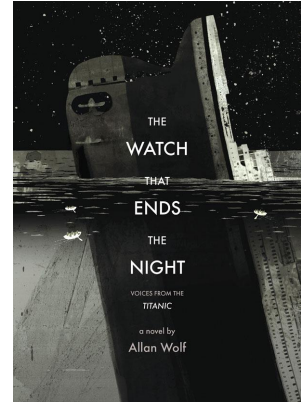
"He glanced across the rings and saw people going over the northeast  
chute, vaulting the bars, crawling on top, the one pair of stairs jammed."



*The Watch that Ends the Night: Voices from the Titanic* by Allan Wolf

excerpt from "The Iceberg" (p. 7 hardcover)

I am the ice. I've seen the ebb and flow.  
Conceived by water, temperature, and time,  
gestating within Greenland's glacial womb,  
I carved out massive valleys as I moved.  
At last the frozen river made its way  
and calved me with a splash in Baffin Bay.  
Since then I've traveled southward many weeks,  
for now that my emergence is complete,  
there is a certain ship I long to meet.



.....

excerpt from "The Iceberg" (p. 43 hardcover)

I am the ice. I have no need of sleep.  
Why do the humans crave it as they do?  
While they and I've a secret tryst to keep,  
I will not rest. There is no time to lose.

.....

excerpt from "The Iceberg" (p. 87 hardcover)

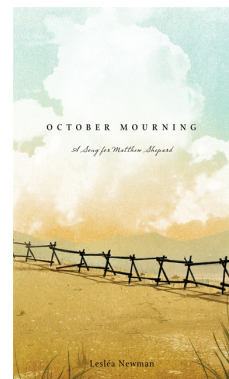
I'll have my heart. I have my part to play.  
The ice will have his pick of human hearts  
as soon as *Titanic* plays her part.

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*October Mourning* by Lesléa Newman

excerpt from "The Fence (that night)" (p. 16 hardcover)

I held him all night long  
He was heavy as a broken heart  
Tears fell from his unblinking eyes  
He was dead weight yet he kept breathing



## THE SEARCH

In my scrapbook I've kept all the news articles and photographs I can find about Colonel Lindbergh and the kidnapping of his son.

If you said that this is another of my obsessions, I'd have to say you are right. After all, when you live in a town where nothing much happens but chickens, eggs, and Santa Claus, then you'd better pay attention when something does.

According to my clippings, a few days after the baby was taken, someone sent a ransom note to Colonel Lindbergh demanding money, demanding a meeting, demanding "no police."

Someone named Dr. Condon, who had read about the baby in the papers, offered to act as Lindbergh's messenger, and agreed to meet the kidnapper late at night in a cemetery in New York City.

Someone who called himself "John" took the ransom (\$50,000 in police-coded gold notes) from Dr. Condon, late at night in the cemetery in New York City, and in a heavy foreign accent told him Little Charlie was alive and well on a boat called the *Nelly* near Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

But when Colonel Lindbergh went there, he found no one; no boat named *Nelly*, no more notes, and no baby son. Nothing.

A few weeks later, a day laborer in Hopewell walked into the woods to relieve himself and stumbled upon a little body, half buried, long dead.

The Lindbergh baby.

It's been more than two years since then and the police have still not found who kidnapped Little Charlie, who killed him and left him in the woods.

Since then, the newspapers have printed hundreds of articles about Colonel Lindbergh and his wife—how they fly as a team to Europe, Africa, and the Far East, how they've had another son, how they try to give their new son a normal life.

# WANTED

INFORMATION AS TO THE  
WHEREABOUTS OF



**CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.**

OF HOPEWELL, N. J.

**SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH**

World-Famous Aviator

This child was kidnaped from his home  
in Hopewell, N. J., between 8 and 10 p. m.  
on Tuesday, March 1, 1932.

## DESCRIPTION:

Age, 20 months      Hair, blond, curly  
Weight, 27 to 30 lbs.      Eyes, dark blue  
Height, 29 inches      Complexion, light  
Deep dimple in center of chin  
Dressed in one-piece coverall night suit

## ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

COL. H. N. SCHWARZKOPF, TRENTON, N. J., or  
COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, HOPEWELL, N. J.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE TREATED IN CONFIDENCE

COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF  
Supt. New Jersey State Police, Trenton, N. J.

March 11, 1932

Dear Sir!

Have 50.000 \$ ready, 25.000 \$ in  
20 \$ bills, 15.000 \$ in 10 \$ bills and  
10.000 \$ in 5 \$ bills. Offer 2-4 days

we will inform you will be deliver  
the money.

who want you for making  
anything public or for notify the police

We will be in your care.

Indicate how for the kidnapping are

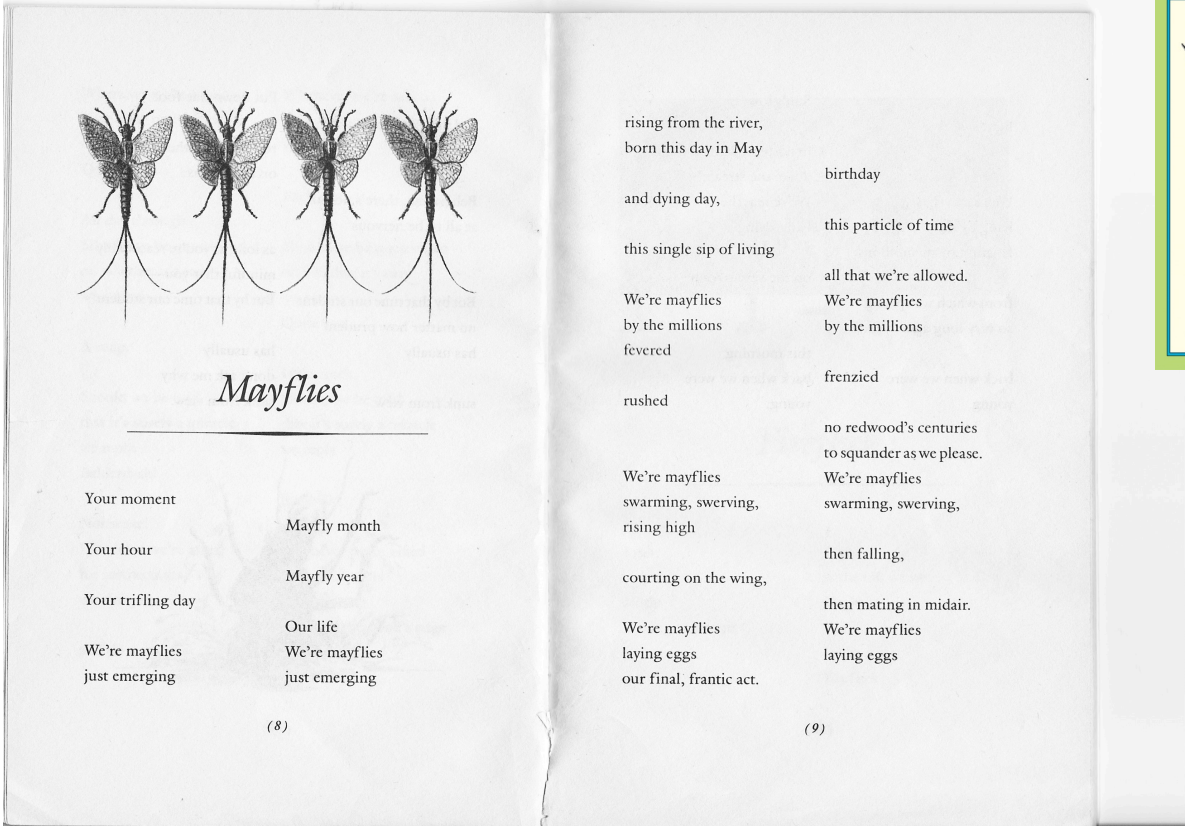
ungrateful

and 3 bottles.





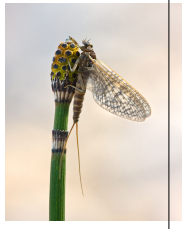
Joyful Noise: Poems for Two Voices by Paul Fleischman



“Mayfly” (pp.8-10 paperback)

Mayfly 1

Mayfly

Mayfly			
			
<i>Rhythrogena germanica</i>			
Scientific classification			
Kingdom:	Animalia		
Phylum:	Arthropoda		
Class:	Insecta		
Subclass:	Pterygota		
Division:	Palaeoptera		
Superorder:	Ephemeropteroidea	Order:	Ephemeroptera

**Mayflies** or **shadflies** are insects belonging to the order **Ephemeroptera** (from the Greek *εφημερος*, *ephemerós* = "short-lived" (literally "lasting a day" "daily" or "day-long"), *πτερον*, *pteron* = "wing", referring to the brief lifespan of adults). They have been placed into an ancient group of insects termed the Palaeoptera, which also contains dragonflies and damselflies. They are aquatic insects whose immature stage (called "naiad" or, colloquially, "nymph") usually lasts one year in fresh water. The adults are short-lived, from a few minutes to a few days, depending on the species. About 2,500 species are known worldwide, including about 630 species in North America.

Wikipedia entry: “Mayfly”



## Line Breaks and Stanzas

It is both the words and the silence between the words that poets work with when writing poetry.

“The most important thing in a poem is silence. Yes, you know, *all* voids are not to be filled... some space has to be left there to resonate. It is often the *absence* of sound, what is *not* going on.”

-Michael Harper

It is the line and where it is broken that helps make the music and rhythm of a poem. Generally, the longer line, the more like natural speech it will sound. You can break a line:

- according to your natural breath
- to emphasize a particular word or words
- to counter your natural breath and to create tension
- to change the pace of the poem

Use a slash / to indicate where you want to add line breaks when drafting a poem.

Stanzas are the equivalent of paragraphs in poetry. Use stanzas to indicate a longer pause or a shift in time, place, or ideas.

**TRY IT!** Place slash marks where you would add line breaks.

She loved the sound of the wind in the trees.

Crickets talk in the tall grass all late summer long. When summer is gone, the dry grass whispers alone.

## Leads: How to Begin Your Poem

In the words of Horace, one of the greatest lyric poets of all time, begin poems “in the midst of things.”

Start your poems inside an:

- experience
- feeling
- observation
- memory

examples:

the dog  
skids along  
the greasy floors  
of the kitchen  
-Syed Hasnain

I watch as it falls  
It looks like it will shatter  
-Mikayla Kuchenbecker

I hold the handlebars  
and push it up the rut  
many trips have worn.  
-Gabby Habeeb

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## Conclusions: How to End Your Poem

The conclusion often conveys a poem's deepest meaning. It needs to be strong—to resonate after the reader has finished the poem.

The conclusion should leave the reader with:

- feeling
- idea
- image
- question

Try:

- An echo structure—repeat significant lines from the lead, or elsewhere, in your conclusion like “There is a place / where time doesn’t pass / and I control fate”
- Renaming something you already mentioned like “paradise island”
- Using a vivid description of an important image like “and the sorrow / deep in dark eyes / outlined in / white rings”

## The Rule of **CUT TO THE BONE**

A wise man once said that a novel is like a searchlight into the human soul, a short story is like a flashlight into the human soul, and a poem is like a laser beam. Poems use few words to communicate big truths about life, human nature, human experience, or the way the world works.

When the poet can't find another word to cut, a poem is done.

Weigh every line and every word in your poem. Ask yourself the following questions:

- Does it do anything for your poem?
  - Does a smart reader need it?
  - Is this poem elegant shorthand? Is it like a laser beam?
- 

## The Power of I

First person experiences need a first person. Give your readers someone to be with.

Make sure your *I* is:

- thinking
  - feeling
  - seeing
  - acting
- 

## Use Repetition Effectively

Repetition can be used to:

- stress an important word, phrase, idea, or theme
- to build a poem's momentum
- to create rhythm
- to conclude strongly

Avoid repeating words:

- too closely together
- with no purpose
- that sound awkward when read aloud

from WilliamStafford.org

## What's in My Journal

by [William Stafford](#)

Odd things, like a button drawer. Mean  
Thing, fishhooks, barbs in your hand.  
But marbles too. A genius for being agreeable.  
Junkyard crucifixes, voluptuous  
discards. Space for knickknacks, and for  
Alaska. Evidence to hang me, or to beatify.  
Clues that lead nowhere, that never connected  
anyway. Deliberate obfuscation, the kind  
that takes genius. Chasms in character.  
Loud omissions. Mornings that yawn above  
a new grave. Pages you know exist  
but you can't find them. Someone's terribly  
inevitable life story, maybe mine.

from poets.org

## *I Hear America Singing*

Walt Whitman, 1819 - 1892

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe  
and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off  
work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the  
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing  
as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the  
morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at  
work, or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young  
fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

# POEM OF THE WEEK:

DAY ONE | READ the poem twice on your own  
annotate the first time as a human  
annotate the second time as a sophisticated thinker

DAY TWO | DISCUSS what you noticed  
with a partner  
as a whole class

DAY THREE | REREAD with a different lens  
focus on author's craft  
focus on imagery (sensory details)  
focus on actions  
focus on determining the theme or central idea  
focus on patterns

DAY FOUR | PERFORM or watch performance  
symphony share  
choral reading  
tableaux  
act out the action  
watch video performance

DAY FIVE | IMITATE the poet's style  
use topic or theme as inspiration  
follow the same format  
lift a line

## old age sticks by e.e. cummings

old age sticks  
up Keep  
off  
signs)&

youth yanks them down(old  
age  
cries No

Tres)&(pas)  
youth laughs  
(sing

old age

scolds Forbid  
den  
Stop  
Must  
n't Don't

&)youth goes  
right on  
gr  
owing old.